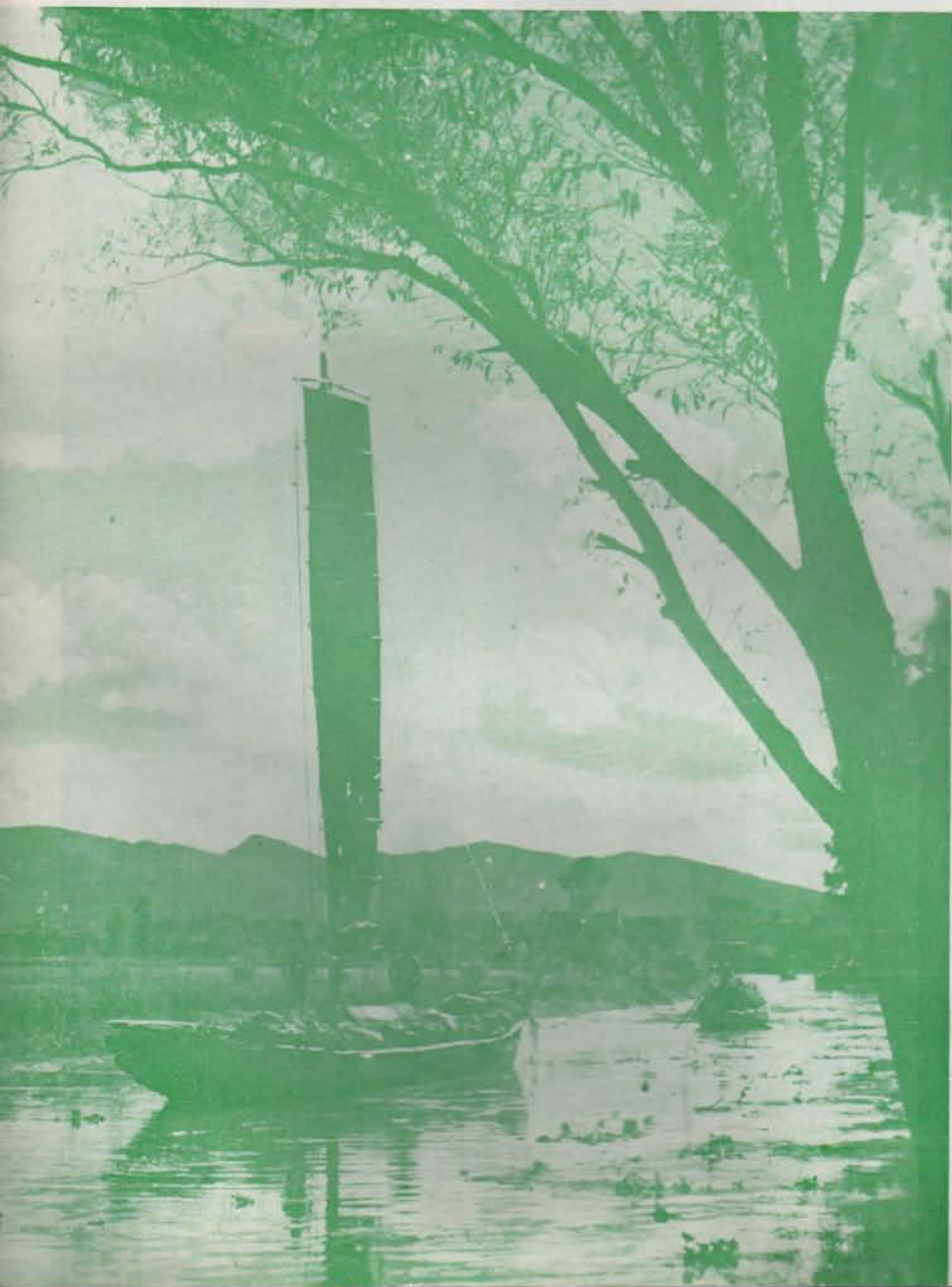


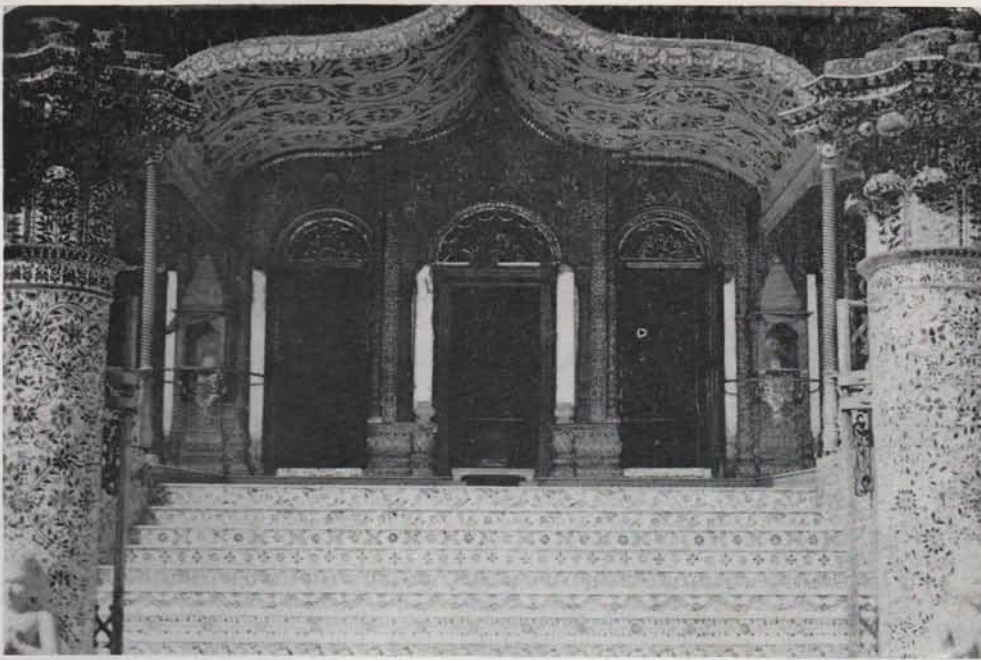


Ex-CBI Roundup

—CHINA—BURMA—INDIA—

DECEMBER 1970





MARBLE PALACE in Calcutta, India, is shown in these two photos. Top view is the elaborate entrance and lower picture the inner court yard. Photos by Julius Rosenfeld.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 25, No. 10

December, 1970

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer

Editor

SECOND CLASS postage paid at Laurens, Iowa.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE

\$4.00 per Year
\$7.50 Two Years

Foreign \$5.00 per Year
\$9.00 Two Years

Please Report Change of Address Immediately!

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Ex-CBI Roundup

Telephone (712) 845-4541

P. O. Box 125

Laurens, Iowa 50554

Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **Cover Photo**, by Dottie Yuen Leuba, shows sailboat manned by two crewmen, silhouetted against sky on river near Kunming.

● **CBI veterans** will go through "hell and high water" to attend a CBI reunion, but sometimes the odds pile up. Like the sequence of events that kept the Byron Kingsleys of Jackson, Mich., away from the Tulsa reunion last August. Only a little more than three weeks before the reunion date, Byron fell down a flight of stairs and was badly injured. But he was still able to travel by August 4, so they started for Tulsa. They also planned a stop at Ellsworth Air Force Base, S. D., to visit their son just back from Vietnam, and his family. But at Gary, Ind., their car "blew up" and it took \$700 to repair it. Before they were able to get started again they were informed that their home in Jackson had been broken into, and the police wouldn't inspect it until they returned. That was the final straw, so they returned to Michigan. Now they're making plans for Dallas in 1971!

● **A writer** for a Calcutta newspaper, on duty in London, recently wrote home: "With 65,000 council sanitation workers on strike, most of England is now looking like normal Calcutta. I am feeling less homesick."

● **CBIs** who were stationed in what is now East Pakistan, especially in the area around Chittagong, are shocked at the loss of life from the recent storm. The story is still unfolding.

DECEMBER, 1970



New Position

● **Cornelius Bodine, Jr.**, 54, who served in CBI during World War II, has been named as business administrator of the city of Newark, N.J., at a salary of \$35,000. He was at one time city manager of Sioux City, Iowa.

(From a news item in the Des Moines, Iowa, Register).

Ed P. Black

● **Edmund P. Black**, 58, of Grand Island, Nebr., died May 10, 1970, following a heart attack. He was an employee of the Cornhusker Army Ammunition Plant. During World War II he served with the Air Force in the China-Burma-India theater. His wife and a son survive.

(From an item in the Norton, Kansas, Daily Telegram sent in by Mark Beckman, New Almelo, Kansas.)



PLAYING Santa Claus at Chabua, Assam, India, in 1944 is William Sandarciero, a member of the 3723 Quartermaster Truck Company who now lives in Port Chester, N.Y.

490 Bomb Squadron

● Was with the 490th Bomb Squadron (M), the Burma Bridgebusters, from December 1942 until November 1944. Just finishing my first year's subscription to Ex-CBI Roundup, and eagerly await each month's issue of this great magazine. It stirs up many vivid memories.

JAMES GREGORY,
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Bengal Air Depot

● A friend of mine told me the other day about your publication and what a fine magazine it is, accordingly please find check for subscription. I was at the Bengal Air Depot (5317th Air Depot Provisional), outside of Calcutta, from 1 February 1944 to 1 December 1945, assigned to the 47th and 92nd Depot Supply Squadrons. I enjoyed my tour over there but nearly died from dengue fever.

FLOYD B. McCOY,
M/Sgt., USAF (Ret.),
Topeka, Kansas

Transportation Corps

● Served with the 541st Transportation Corps during World War II at Karachi.

ALFRED G. PORTER,
E. Elmhurst, N.Y.

The Ledo Road

● Recently got myself a copy of Leslie Anders' book, "The Ledo Road," and recommend it to all CBI vets, especially those who were along the "Road." The accounts of the bridge washouts on the Namyung River during the 1944 monsoon brought back memories to me since our traffic control station was only a few miles away on Tagap Hill. The timber bridge had been closed to traffic that day because it had tilted and was taking quite a battering from high water and debris in the river. I was on duty that evening and my driver and I had been sent to the Namyung crossing to meet our patrol from Logali and transfer

company orders and reports. I remember well the scene when we got there for the light from one or two vehicles and burning oil drum flares on each side showed us where the bridge had been. It had washed away only minutes before we got there. I enclose pictures of the pontoon bridges that were put across the Namyung shortly after. The bridge with the double pontoons was the first and it too was washed away. It was replaced by the single pontoon bridge. The white tents in the top left of this picture are the transient mess which mainly fed truck drivers.

WARREN S. JONES,
Conklin, N.Y.

Ramgarh Training Center

● Would like to locate the following non-coms who were with me at Ramgarh Training Center, India, 1942-44: T/Sgt. Richard H. Jones (Dallas area), S/Sgt. Henry A. Schaefer (D.C. area), Sgt. Jesse J. Allen (Alabama). Any information would be appreciated. To all of you who knew Father G. DeMunter, former chaplain of the Ramgarh Training Center, he was recently moved back to Manresa House, Ranchi, Bihar Province, after a series of operations. I normally hear from him about once a month.

EDWIN B. GREEN,
419 Washington Ave.,
Westwood, N.J. 07675



TWO BRIDGES on the Namyung, mentioned by Warren S. Jones in letter on this page, are shown above.



OUTDOOR restaurant, cafeteria style, at Liuchow, China, in February 1944. Photo by Milt Klein.

Thomas S. Arms

● Retired Army Brig. Gen. Thomas S. Arms, 77, who during World War II trained hundreds of Chinese officers in the CBI theater, died recently after a heart attack while playing golf at the Talbot Country Club in Easton, Md. General Arms, who lived at the Tidewater Inn, Easton, had operated the Armsley Farms at Easton since his retirement from the Army in 1946. A graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, he served on the Mexican border in 1917, during World War I was assigned to various training camps in this country, served in Siberia and the Philippines, and was an ROTC and infantry school instructor. In 1942 he was sent to China to command 250 officers in the training of Chinese Army units. He was promoted to brigadier general in 1943.

(From an item in the Washington Post submitted by Charles W. Rose of Knoxville, Md.)

Can Read Again

● Have had both cataracts removed and U.S. Veterans Hospital here in Portland is helping me to keep glaucoma under control. I am free to again read and enjoy Ex-CBI Roundup and to wonder how you manage

to keep so much interesting material gathered for it. I keep watching for names of people I met in service in India and then China. I know of only one ex-CBI friend who lives here in Portland. We both belong to the same Women's Overseas Service League here where this friend, Frances Johannigman, Cincinnati, Ohio, ably served two years as our WOSL president.

EDNA L. GOHEEN,
Portland, Ore.

Hump Pilots

● Mrs. White and I attended the anniversary meeting of the Hump Pilots Association in Monroe, La. I am now a member. It was about the most enjoyable meeting we have ever attended. Such tall tales! One man told us that, hearing the Indian barbers were particularly skillful, he made a deal with his bearer contingent on the barber shaving his roommate without waking him. The barber did and the bearer collected.

EDWIN LEE WHITE,
Colonel, USAF (Ret.),
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Mars Task Force

● As a former member of the Mars Task Force, Hq. Troop, 3rd Squadron, I still enjoy Ex-CBI Roundup and look forward to receiving it. I am sure, with the decals displayed on our cars, our membership will increase. In the past year I met two CBers who never knew of our wonderful magazine. After showing them a few copies they said they would enroll. Keep up the good work; it surely is appreciated.

FRED L. CHURCH,
Maplewood, N.J.



VICTORIA Memorial Pool in Calcutta, India, converted into swimming facilities for British and American soldiers. Note bamboo scaffolding around Memorial building in background. Photo by Howard B. Gorman.

In Memory of General Stilwell

Members of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association in the San Francisco area observed on October 11 the anniversary of the death in 1946 of Gen. Joseph W. "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell. They honored his memory in a brief service at the Military Terrace of Olivet Memorial Park in Colma, Calif.

The United States flag had been flown there each day during the week in honor of a CBI veteran. Those so honored earlier in the week were Frances B. Ducey, Red Cross; Joseph T. Ross, Air Force; R. H. Wellington, C.T. & C.C.; Pete Quatarus, Ledo Road Engineers; Frank D. Merrill, Marauders; and Joseph W. Stilwell Jr.

Raymond W. Kirkpatrick, immediate past national commander of the association, paid tribute to General Stilwell. The following is a condensation of his talk:

Joseph Warren Stilwell entered the United States Military Academy in 1900 at the age of 17, and graduated with the class of 1904.

Two tours of duty in the Philippines prior to World War I first created his love for the Orient.

As a lieutenant colonel in intelligence during World War I, an ammunition dump explosion impaired the vision of his left eye; but he was determined it would not hinder his military career.

His first tour of duty in China was from 1921 to 1923. As a language student in Peking, he mastered more than 20 Chinese dialects.

His second tour, 1926-1929, was as a road construction engineer in Shansi Province where he worked and lived with the coolies so that he might know that side of Chinese life better.

His third tour, 1935-1939, was as official observer of Chinese armies during a local civil war. At that time he became acquainted with leading Chinese military and civil authorities and gained his keen knowledge of Chinese philosophy.

General Stilwell was Commander of the Seventh Division at Fort Ord, Calif., when he was chosen to head what became known as the Stilwell Military Mission to China. He arrived

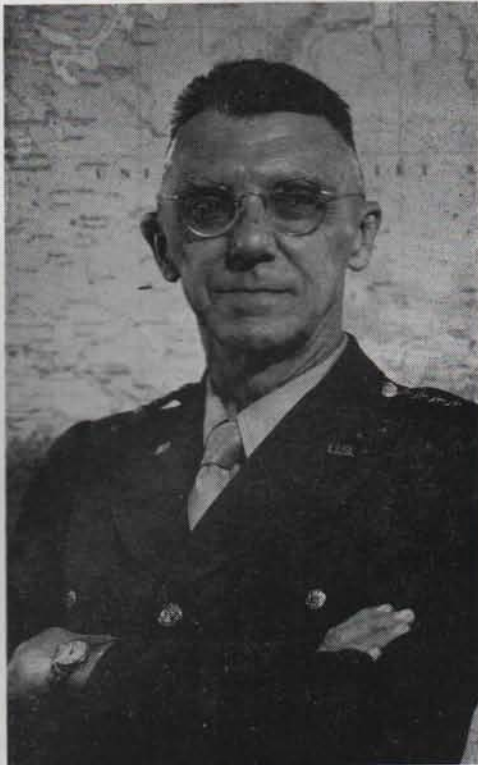
in New Delhi, India, February 25, 1942. Ninety days later he was leading the famed "walkout party" from Burma. In early July, 1942, he became Commanding General of the newly-created China-Burma-India Theater.

War Department historians tell us the Stilwell command problems were unprecedented in the history of the U.S. Army.

Recalled from the CBI Theater October 28, 1946, he became Commander of Army Ground Forces. In January 1945 he became Commanding General of the 10th Army on Okinawa. Later he received the Japanese surrender of the Ryuku Islands.

Among his honors were the Distinguished Service Medal, with Oak Leaf Cluster, and the Legion of Merit. But his most prized possession was the Combat Infantryman's Badge.

There were many facets to his char-



GEN. JOSEPH W. STILWELL

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acter. As a commander he was a lonesome man not wishing to share his fears and worries with others. Generous and kind, he was always deeply concerned with the welfare of the enlisted man. He held the loyalty and respect of his troops. He talked a man's talk, the language of a soldier. He

never pulled his punches and scorned hypocrisy according to those who knew him best. The Chinese loved him and dubbed him "Shih-Ti-Wei," man of forthrightness and honesty.

While Commanding General of the Sixth Army, Joseph Warren Stilwell passed away at the Presidio of San Francisco, October 12, 1946. □

Women's Lib Movement Hits Pakistan

By the Associated Press

KARACHI, PAKISTAN— Faint whispers of the women's liberation movement are being heard in this Moslem land where city women still wear purdah veils and rural wives do the hard work on the farm.

"We will demand equal work for equal pay," is the promise of Begum Raana Liaquat Ali Khan, widow of a prime minister and leader in the All Pakistan Women's Association. She believes resentment against her efforts to raise the status of women played a part in the 1951 assassination of her husband. Mrs. Saadi Zaidi, wife of a journalist and the mother of two boys, is one of the few women running in a December election to choose a National Assembly.

"Women can improve the morals of the community," she says. "Asia already has two women as heads of government, in India and Ceylon."

In 1964 the major presidential candidate opposing Field Marshal Ayub Khan was Fatima Jinnah, the sister of Pakistan's late founder, Mohammed Ali Jinnah.

Some women are suggesting an all-female political party. Several thousand held a women-only rally recently in Nishtar Park. Police guarded the gates against male intrusion, and said they found two disguised men trying to sneak in.

The women's magazine *She* likes the slogan: "If God had wanted women in the kitchen, He would have given them aluminum hands."

"In Pakistan, women have not yet made a bold bid to wipe out male domination," it observed. "But realization seems to be dawning . . . Unless women band together they will continue to be a suppressed and subjugated 47 per cent of the population."

Begum Liaquat served as ambassador to Italy and Holland for 12 years. She says her All Pakistan Women's Association, the best organized group of its kind in this land of 120 million persons, "is not a militant body."

But it is beating back conservative opposition to 10-year-old family laws that give a first wife a veto over her Moslem husband's taking of another spouse. □

ARE YOU A TIGER?

If you were assigned or attached to the AVG, CATF, and/or the 14th Air Force, before and during World War II in China, as military, tech representative, Red Cross personnel, or US Civil Service personnel, you can join the unique and colorful FLYING TIGERS of the 14th Air Force Association—a "Last-Man Group".

Write for informational literature to Milt Klein, 9 Interstate St., Suffern, N.Y. 10901.

THE EASY CHAIR

The author is former editor-in-chief of Harper's. In 1943-44 he served as an economic intelligence officer on the staff of General Stilwell in the China-Burma-India theater.

By JOHN FISCHER
From Harper's Magazine

The Pentagon has just sent me Volume No. 70 of its official history of World War II—a painfully detailed account, in 491 pages, of the Italian campaign from the Salerno invasion to the fall of Cassino. Like the earlier volumes, it is a solid piece of work, researched from all known sources including the enemy's. So far as I can tell, it is accurate. It even records moments when American troops were less than heroic, and when famous generals made mistakes.

Yet as I read it, I kept feeling that something was missing. Finally it came to me: official histories make everything that happened sound rational, the end product of a logical chain of cause and effect. But to the people there at the time, these happenings seldom looked that way. More often they seemed downright zany, like scenes stolen from the theater of the absurd.

The reason why official accounts lack this dimension, I suspect, is that they are based on documents—as all respectable histories are supposed to be. So they have to leave out all the oral history of the war—that rich compost of anecdote and hearsay which veterans have been turning over for thirty years in countless beery bull sessions.

This unwritten history is the depositary of all the ridiculous aspects of war. It also contains clues to the spirit of the World War II armies, which was very different from that of the draftees now fighting in Vietnam. The earlier soldiers detested their role just as heartily as their present-day counterparts—but now and then they managed to play it in a comic key. Black comedy, to be sure, but sometimes it seemed to help.

A case in point is the inexcusable behavior of the crew of the Assam Dragon, a C-47 cargo plane assigned to hauling munitions, troops, and bales

of Chinese money (printed in the U.S.A.) from northeast India to Kunming in China. It flew The Hump route, through the most forbidding terrain in the world. "Through" is the right word, because the plane—a military version of that old workhorse, the DC-3—couldn't fly over it; its top altitude was about 18,000 feet, and many of the Himalayan peaks were several thousand feet higher than that. So the C-47s had to wind their way through the passes, often in fog or snow storms and always tossed by unpredictable gales. Losses were high. Eric Severeid, among others, had to parachute out of a plane that couldn't quite make it over The Hump; he was lucky enough to walk out, after a week or two in the jungle, but scores of other ships disappeared without survivors. Pilots who had to fly this route month after month tended to become jumpy, morose, and when possible, alcoholic.

One day in the spring of 1943 a brash young brigadier general arrived in Chabua from Washington. His mission, he announced, was to find out why the cargo tonnage moving over The Hump was lagging behind schedule. He already had inspected, with disapproval, the cluster of soggy, rain-drenched airstrips where the planes took off from India. Now he wanted to go to Kunming, to see what was wrong at the receiving end, and the Assam Dragon was assigned to take him.

The pilot was Captain Itchy Bourne, so called because he suffered from a persistent case of dhobie itch, a tropical disease less serious than leprosy but almost as annoying. He despised all generals, especially drop-ins from Washington. Like everybody else in the China-Burma-India theater, he felt that Washington had forsaken him. That theater was at the end of the line—far away from the decisive battles being fought in Africa and the Pacific, and therefore chronically starved of equipment, manpower, and liquor rations. Itchy's copilot and cargo supervisor were, if possible, more browned-off than he was.

The general and his companions—a

beautifully tailored aide and two chicken colonels—did not enjoy their flight. They had an oxygen flask which they passed from face to face, but it wasn't enough to stave off high-altitude nausea; and the granite crags which loomed out of the clouds now and then, apparently just beyond the wing tip, were not reassuring. At one point the general was heard to mutter, "I hope to God that pilot knows what he is doing."

Just at that moment the door behind the pilot's compartment opened a few inches, and a hand tossed out an empty beer can. It rolled down the aisle between the two rows of bucket seats, and clattered around on the metal floor as the plane pitched in the gusts. None of the passengers said anything.

About ten minutes later, the door opened again and another beer can popped out. At short intervals the same thing happened, and kept on happening, until the visiting officers felt they were ankle deep in empty cans. The aide later testified that he thought, briefly, that perhaps it was his duty to go forward and find out what the hell was happening, but when the plane hit a worse-than-usual downdraft, he decided to stay strapped in his seat.

By the time the Assam Dragon landed at Kunming, in a cloud of yellow dust, the general was white, shaking, and erupting profanity. He tottered across the airstrip toward the operations shack screaming for somebody to convene a court-martial instantly. His idea was to have the whole crew convicted of drunken flying, disrespect for a general officer, and probably treason, before they could sober up.

The only hitch was that Itchy Bourne and his fellow crewmen turned out to be as sober as Billy Graham on Sunday morning. And the impromptu court couldn't find a line anywhere in the Regulations and Standing Orders that forbade a pilot to put a case of empty beer cans in the cockpit before taking off. The incident was reported by word of mouth throughout the whole theater within a week, to the vast benefit of everybody's morale. Even the theater commander, Vinegar Joe Stilwell—who had his own grievances against Washington—cracked a grin when he heard the incident.

The Hump route produced a maxim
DECEMBER, 1970

which ought to be preserved somewhere in the folklore of the war: "There are old pilots, and there are bold pilots. But there are no old, bold pilots."

* * *

Beer also deserves a place in the canon, because next to sex it was the main preoccupation of practically everybody not in combat. For a long while it reached the CBI theater only in dribbles: typically, a ration of four cans per man once a month. Since ice and refrigeration were of course unknown at most posts throughout Southeast Asia, and the thermometer usually was pushing 100 degrees, drinking your ration wasn't easy; as soon as you pushed an opener into the can, most of its contents spouted all over the landscape in a geyser of foam. A scene Andy Warhol would have loved.

Some soldiers found a solution to this problem soon after the first squadron of B-29 bombers was stationed at a secret base south of Calcutta. On ration day, every company within jeep range would truck all its beer to the base. There, for a modest bribe, some pilot always could be persuaded to load the cases in his bomb bay and take off on a "training flight." After he had circled for an hour at 20,000 feet, the beer would be well-chilled and ready for delivery to the troops waiting alongside the runway when he landed.

Figuring only the amount of aviation gasoline expended, I once calculated that the cooling of this beer cost the American taxpayer \$9 per can. And cheap at the price.

* * *

Occasionally the official historians stumble into error, because they don't understand the larcenous nature of American soldiery. For example, they solemnly record the miraculous success of the Flying Tigers, a group of volunteer fighter pilots under Claire Chennault who fought in Burma during late 1941 and early 1942. During a little more than six months they were credited with shooting down at least 286 Japanese planes, or roughly fifteen for every loss of their own. At the same time, British squadrons fighting alongside them barely broke even in their combat score. To anyone except a historian, with his touching

faith in the written record, these figures could sound a mite suspicious—especially since the British pilots were no less brave and well-trained, and were flying Hurricanes, a plane at least as good as the American P-40s.

The explanation—at least the way I heard it—is a credit to the free-enterprise system. The Chinese government, which had hired the Flying Tigers, paid them a bonus of \$500 for every Japanese plane shot down; but the RAF pilots merely got their regular pay, regardless of their scores. Inevitably the allied fliers made a deal. Suppose a squadron of Tigers and an RAF squadron jointly tackled a flight of Japanese bombers and shot down, say, ten of them. When they were debriefed back at their airstrips, the British might claim one victory, just for the sake of appearances, while the Americans would claim the other nine—and collect bonuses totaling \$4,500. Next morning, of course, they would split the loot with their British friends. A happy arrangement, but not the sort of thing likely to find its way into official documents.

In all theaters the British were constantly appalled by the American soldier's slap-happy approach to the art of war. A Scottish cousin-in-law of mine, Finlay Wilson, was an officer in a commando unit assigned to that bad-luck parachute attack behind the German lines at Arnhem. American planes—again, those C-47s—were to lift the commandos from a British air base to the jump zone over Holland. Finlay shepherded his men aboard, checked their equipment, and then waited, dry-mouthed and sweaty-palmed, for the American air crew. Short minutes before takeoff time the pilot and copilot did arrive; Finlay thought they looked over-hung. Still they waited, with propellers idling, because the navigator hadn't showed up. Finlay began to "ex-postulate," as he put it, because he knew that in this operation precise timing was vital; I take it that he meant his language blistered the paint.

At the last possible moment the navigator came trotting across the tarmac, a cup of coffee in one hand and a hot dog in the other. As he clambered aboard, he said,

"Hi, you guys, where we going? Arn-

hem, huh. Arnhem? Where's that? Holland, you say? Well, we ought to have a map of Holland somewhere around here . . ."

Still gnawing on his hot dog, he began to thumb through a sheaf of maps as the plane rolled down the runway. To Finlay's surprise, he and his men were dropped about an hour later at approximately the right place—where, after a week of hard fighting, he was captured with the exhausted remnant of his command. To this day he isn't sure whether or not that navigator was putting him on.

Another British officer told me he had lost all confidence in American troops after he happened to observe an infantry platoon on a training march across the English countryside.

"Take ten," the lieutenant in command said, and the men flopped down by the road for their hourly rest break. To English eyes, they did not look like a military unit, but "more like a crowd of mutinous Texaco dealers." The lieutenant didn't look like an officer either. He sat with his back against a tree, jacket unbuttoned and a cigar in his mouth. When a staff car drove by, he saluted sitting down and still smoking his cigar. More unbelievable yet, whoever was in the staff car did not stop to reprimand this breach of discipline.

"Furthermore," the Englishman went on, "the lieutenant apparently had never learned how to give a proper order. When the ten minutes was up, he just gave his men a look of loathing and said, 'Okay, you lugs, get goin'.' And do you know, they actually did."

People who know about Army nurses only from *South Pacific* and the written accounts of World War II—history or fiction—seem to think of them as a heady blend of Florence Nightingale, Joan of Arc, and Goldie Hawn. Most of those I met were, in fact, middle-aged harridans with souls of leather and an ingrained conviction that any GI who applied for medical aid was probably a malingerer. Usually, too, they were so overworked they had no time for compassion, much less romance.

A friend of mine working on the

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Ledo Road in Burma left his tent in the middle of the night to go to the latrine, and stepped on a cobra. His tent mate called the Twentieth Station Hospital on a field telephone and asked the duty nurse what they should do. "Do you have a jeep?" she asked. "Yes." "All right, if you can get him here in three minutes I'll give him some anti-venom serum. If you can't, don't bother."

When they read about the 1968 massacre at Songmy, some of my younger neighbors found it hard to believe that American soldiers could shoot civilians in cold blood. I had to assure them that this was quite possible, and not only in the heat of battle.

For some weeks after the Americans occupied Algiers, they reacted to every air-raided alarm by blacking out the whole city instantaneously. It was easy: a sergeant at the central power plant simply yanked the master switch as soon as he heard the sirens. One night when this happened an officer working at Eisenhower's headquarters—then in the Aleti Hotel—heard a burst of rifle fire just outside the main entrance. He groped his way through the dark until he found the sentry guarding that doorway, and asked what was happening.

"I just shot me an Ayrab," the sentry said.

"Why? Was he trying to break into headquarters?"

"No, I guess not. He just started flapping around out there in the street in them white robes, so I shot him."

That sentry was no more muddled, probably, than most people in uniform at that time. Although the official histories don't admit it, I am convinced that bewilderment is the normal state of every military organization. The historians do mention "the fog of war" which traditionally falls over a battlefield—but they don't explain that it also rolls hundreds of miles to the rear until it engulfs even the most remote echelons.

When Lord Louis Mountbatten was appointed Supreme Commander of Allied Forces in Southeast Asia, he immediately perceived that security in that theater was pretty slack. He decreed, therefore, that nobody should be permitted to enter his headquar-

ters compound in New Delhi without a special pass, adorned with a photograph of the bearer.

Those of us who had to go in and out of the compound a dozen times a day were willing enough to humor El Supermo's whimsy. The difficulty was that nobody could find the British brigadier who was the sole man authorized to issue the passes. Some said he was on a prolonged vacation in Kashmir; some that he had eloped with an Anglo-Burmese girl; others held that he was dead.

The sensible thing, no doubt, would have been for everybody to take the order seriously, and to stay away from the compound. With the headquarters offices empty, the war—in that theater, anyhow—would soon wind down, and we could all go home. Instead, alas, we improvised.

We knew that the Sikh sentries who picketed the gates of the compound couldn't speak English, much less read it, and that they were a little vague about this pass business anyhow. An English major whom I worked with thought that they might be satisfied with the top off a box of Murad cigarettes. It was a choice bit of graphic art, printed in purple and embossed with the gold medals Murads had won in a dozen international trade fairs. The major scissored off the edges, added a couple of flourishing signatures in green ink at the bottom, and headed for the compound. The first sentry he tried—a magnificent fellow in turban and full beard—peered carefully at the pass, then snapped his bayoneted rifle to Present Arms, and waved the major through.

Since I didn't smoke Murads, I decided to try my luck with a piece of yellow cardboard which had once authorized me to enter Temporary Building T in Washington, and which had remained in my wallet when I went overseas. It wasn't as pretty as the major's pass, but it worked just as well. So too, as others soon discovered, would any scrap of cardboard of appropriate size, so long as it was colored. Sikhs like color, as their resplendent turbans plainly indicate.

The foregoing illustrates another military maxim, which probably holds valid for all wars: "True obedience does

not lie in carrying out the orders of your superior; the truly obedient soldier carries out the orders his superior would have issued if he knew what the hell he was talking about."

* * *

What may have been the cruelest comedy in the World War II theater of the absurd took place in another C-47 cargo plane, winding through the same passes that Itchy Bourne had followed on his epic beer-can flight. This one, though, was headed the other way. It was carrying Chinese soldiers from Chiang Kai-shek's tattered armies to an American base camp in India, where they were to be fed, doctored, reclothed, reequipped, retrained, and formed into what General Stilwell hoped would be an effective fighting unit.

Normally a C-47 would carry about thirty men. The Chinese loading officer, however, managed to squeeze sixty-five onto this flight, over the pilot's protest. They were far underweight, from months of hunger and dysentery; they carried no packs or rifles; and since their uniforms were threadbare and lousy, the Chinese officer ordered them to strip down to their breech clouts (if any) before boarding the ship. Thus lightened, he argued, they shouldn't be much of an overload. The Americans present suspected that he planned to sell the uniforms and pocket the proceeds; at that time, any rag, however filthy, found a ready market in Western China.

As he took off, the pilot could tell from the way the plane handled that it was indeed overloaded. An hour later, straining to reach 18,000 feet, he began to suspect that he wasn't going to make it. Their best hope, he decided, was to lighten ship. He explained this to the copilot and the sergeant who made up his crew, and told them to get ready to jump. He hoped to parachute them somewhere near Fort Hertz, a British outpost in a valley of the Himalayas. With luck, and the guidance of their scarves, they might be able to find it on foot.

The two men strapped on their parachutes, shouldered their duffle bags, and opened the door leading from the cockpit to the cargo compartment. It was packed with shivering Chinese,

standing shoulder to shoulder. Some of them had been vomiting, from altitude sickness, so the floor was slippery. Nevertheless the Americans managed to shove and squirm their way through this smelly mass of yellow bodies to the cargo door, toward the rear of the fuselage. When they slid it open, they could see that the plane was laboring to hold its altitude—but they also could see just ahead the saddle of the pass that the pilot hoped to clear. He seemed to have about a hundred feet of leeway, and they guessed that with just a little less weight to carry he might be able to skin through. They threw out their duffle bags, and braced themselves for the jump—but before taking off, the sergeant turned for a last glance at his passengers.

"I have never seen such looks of horror and hatred on human faces," he told me later, "and hope I never will again. It dawned on me then that those poor damned Chinese had no way of knowing how many Americans were aboard the plane—and there was no way that I could tell them that the pilot was still on the job up forward."

"Naturally they thought they were being deserted in midair by the Americans they had trusted. We were well-fed and fully clothed, and we had the only parachutes. They were sick, naked, cold, helpless—and convinced that within minutes they would be smeared all over the Himalayan peaks."

"I felt pretty helpless and horrified myself, but there was no time to explain even if I had known their language. So I just waved to them, in what I hope was a reassuring gesture, and pushed myself backward out the cargo door."

"Well, eventually the copilot and I did get to Fort Hertz with nothing worse than a sprained ankle and a few contusions. The poor damned Chinese got to the Ramghar training base a good deal sooner. But I'll bet that not one of them will ever again trust any American, or anybody else."

Whenever I remember the story these days, I can't help thinking what a lovely script it would have made for the Marquis de Sade and his company of actors in the Charenton asylum. □



From The Statesman

SHILLONG—A paper mill, with a production capacity of 120 tons of pulp and 90 tons of paper per day, will be set up at Jogighopa in the Goalpara district of Assam at an estimated cost of Rs 18 crores. The mill will be managed by Ashok Paper Mills Ltd. with backing by the Assam Government. It will have another unit at Darbhanga in Bihar. The original plan was to set up the mill at Darbhanga with the Maharaja of Darbhanga being the main sponsor, but when the Maharaja died, the project ran into rough weather. Although the machinery arrived in Patna, the project could not go ahead because of various difficulties. At this stage the Assam Government purchased shares worth Rs 40 lakhs at 15% of the share value. The Darbhanga unit will produce only specialized paper from pulp it will receive from the Assam unit. The mill is expected to consume 80,000 tons of bamboo to be supplied from four neighboring districts with the raw material being transported mainly by barges over the Brahmaputra.

CALCUTTA—A store of arms and ammunition was unearthed when the Calcutta police with the help of the Behala police raided two houses in Behala. One sten gun, one special seven-chamber revolver of the latest type, one pistol, grenades, fuse bombs and bullets of different bores were recovered from two cloth bags. Police sources said that the raid was conducted in connection with the bank dacoities in Calcutta in 1968 and last year. Two young men were arrested.

NEW DELHI—Customs authorities unearthed a big booty of hashish—the largest ever—bearing Pakistani markings and totally worth Rs 1.30 crores in a series of pre-dawn raids on several areas of the city. Four people suspected to be members of an international narcotics smuggling ring, among them one American, were taken into custody. The narcotic, weighing 895 lbs. and in the form of cakes bearing Pakistani markings of "Bazar Chitral,"

was recovered from false bottoms of huge crates. Thirty crates containing musical instruments, such as sitars and tablas, on top but with hashish concealed underneath were recovered from a rented house in Kalkaji, a south Delhi colony and five from an international airline's go-down in the heart of the city.

MADRAS—The Tamil Nadu Education Minister told the State Assembly that some articles belonging to the Roman civilization including two jars, had been excavated at Vasavasamudrum in the Palar river bed in Chingleput district. This discovery has given credence to the belief that during the Pallava period this region might have had some contact with Rome.

NEW DELHI—A child, dressed in rags, walked slowly along the road in Greater Kailash, New Delhi. Occasionally he would stoop, pick up scraps of paper and deposit them in a large sackcloth tied to his thin shoulders. When asked what he did with his motley collection he replied that he sold the scrap to a dealer in Garhi village near Greater Kailash. He was able to get at least Rs 2 a day, but it meant a dozen or more sackloads which he had to carry back to the village. He usually gave the money to his mother, but occasionally a nice carton which fetched more, he kept for himself and had a cup of tea and a biscuit at a tea shop. According to him the best place to look for scrap was not the garbage dumps, but empty housing lots.—Indian Notebook.

SHILLONG—The Governments of Assam and Nagaland have decided to maintain the status quo in the disputed Desoi valley reserve forests along the Assam-Nagaland border. Under the arrangement, both sides will withdraw their police personnel—collectively numbering about 880—from the disputed areas. This will leave the villagers on either side of the border free from eviction and harassment. The disputed area is about 200 square miles, covering 12 villages with a Naga population of about 2,000.

JALPAIGURI—A labourer of the Katalguri Tea Estate in the Banarhat area was killed and two others were injured following a clash among them over party rivalry.

No 'Bumper Harvest' on Mainland

The **United Journal**, a Chinese language daily published in New York pointed out October 26 that a recent announcement by Communist authorities in Canton accepting once again food packages from Hong Kong and Macao "completely punctures the myth about a bumper harvest on the mainland this year."

The paper said in its editorial:

"Recently propaganda organs of the Chinese Communist regime have made repeated claims of a 'bumper harvest' Foreign experts, including those of the United Nations, also have reported that food production on the mainland this year may reach 210 million tons, breaking all previous records. They reached their conclusions basing upon Peiping propaganda.

"Regardless of our political stand—regardless of whoever is in power on the mainland—we Chinese residing overseas would certainly be most happy to learn that our native land is enjoying a good harvest. This is because most of us have relatives and friends there, and the state of their living conditions is naturally our deep concern. If we know that they are reaping a bumper harvest and are having enough to eat and wear, our mental burden would be greatly lightened.

"Unfortunately, many facts point otherwise. The long queues outside Hong Kong post offices waiting to mail food packages to the mainland is another proof that the Chinese Communists are telling nothing but lies.

"We may still recall that between 1961 and 1963, Mao Tse-tung's 'three red banners'—great leap forward, backyard steel manufacturing and people's communes—brought the worst famine that the mainland had ever experienced. Though the Chinese Communists shamelessly claimed that 'food is free' in commune mess halls, mainland refugees fled to Hong Kong in record numbers, shocking the whole free world with their plight. Those who were unable to hit the refugee trail wrote 'emergency' pleas to their relatives and friends in Hong Kong, asking for relief. At that time, Hong Kong in-

habitants had to receive those who came to them from the mainland and at the same time to mail relief money or foodstuffs to their acquaintances left behind in their native places. Despite their own poor financial state, most of them managed to save a few bucks to buy food and daily necessities which they packed up and mailed homeward. During those months, Hong Kong post offices were flooded with relief packages. Railroad cars were no longer enough; special steamships had to be used to help move the shipments. "Food package mailing agencies" mushroomed in every nook and corner of that British colony. The total amount of money spent by Hong Kong inhabitants on the relief foodstuffs and other necessities was beyond estimation.

"This situation changed gradually after 1964, as the number of food packages traveling mainlandward decreased. That did not mean that the mainlanders were faring better and no longer needed outside help; the reason was that the Chinese Communist authorities began to levy heavy taxation on these packages, making it not worthwhile for them to receive food and clothing from Hong Kong. As a result, many wrote to folks in Hong Kong asking them to stop mailing. Came the 'great cultural revolution' of 1967, and the Communist authorities made it clear that accepting outside help in the form of food and clothing was a sign of 'degeneration.' The receivers were subject to severe questioning and restrictions, and the inflow of food packages virtually stopped under those circumstances.

"Now, amid claims of 'bumper harvest' by the Chinese Communists, the Hong Kong Post Office has announced the acceptance once again of mainland food packages as from October 15. The weight of each package is limited from two to twenty-one pounds. This should be a great news for the hungry mainland compatriots. According to Hong Kong reports, long queues have reappeared outside various post offices in Hong Kong and Kowloon, bearing foods and clothing for loved ones at

home. As winter is approaching these should be urgently needed.

"What has this revealed to us? The reported 'bumper harvest' on the mainland this year is a myth, and the real conditions in which people live under Communist rule are fully ex-

posed for the whole world to see. The 'Mao Tse-tung thought' can neither fill empty stomachs, nor warm bare backs. What the mainland people need is still 'warmth and sympathy' from relatives and friends outside the bamboo curtain." □

CBI Personality

"CBI Personality," which will appear in Ex-CBI Roundup from time to time, is an attempt to relate a little personal information about some of those who served in the China-Burma-India area. Some of these items will be written by readers, others clipped from various publications... perhaps YOU know of someone you would like to tell about in this column. We invite your contributions.

(From an Associated Press story by Dave Whitney, datelined Davenport, Iowa; submitted by several readers.)

Joseph S. Kimmel Jr.'s wife will never be a golf widow: Some might say her problem is a bulldozer.

Every Saturday morning, Mrs. Kimmel watches her husband load up his choice bulldozer and head for the farm.

Kimmel, executive vice president of Republic, a multimillion-dollar electrical, heating and refrigeration wholesale company here, has been weekend bulldozing for more than 30 of his 48 years.

"I had polio when I was 4, and it left me with a limp," Kimmel says. "I just never had the chance to compete in sports like other guys my age."

When he was 16, his parents bought a farm near Pleasant Valley, Iowa, along the Mississippi River and built a home.

To get a road to the house, they hired a crawler tractor and road grader.

"That really intrigued me," Kimmel recalls. "We had an old tractor on steel lugs, and I rigged up a scrapper and began working on some of the old fence rows and ditches on the farm."

Sometime later Kimmel first saw a

Caterpillar Sixty, the first successful gasoline-powered crawler tractor.

"I fell in love with it," Kimmel says. "I bought that tractor and started rebuilding it. It's one of eight or nine pieces of antique earth-moving equipment I now have on the farm."

World War II slowed down Kimmel's backyard bulldozing projects, but not Kimmel.

Despite his handicap, he qualified as a pilot and flew C-46s over the Hump in the China-Burma-India theater. He is still an active pilot.

In 1948, for \$1,000, he bought a Caterpillar 35 a smaller gas-powered unit than the Sixty, with a hydraulic mounted blade.

Since then, he has been picking up different types of earth-moving equipment, including an old pull grader for which he once traded a new television set.

When he's not hustling about the several acres of warehouse at his business, you might find him down in the garage restoring an old piece of earth moving equipment. His current project is an old self-propelled road grader.

"I never had any real lessons on how to run one of these," Kimmel says. "I just get out in the middle of a field where nobody can see me and start out. It's like learning to fly. You get the feel of the machine and then just sort of drive by the seat of your pants."

Kimmel uses the equipment to improve the 400-acre farm, and occasionally to build for a friend a farm pond "just for a beer or two."

"I get a great deal of satisfaction out of cleaning up an old fence row, or little messes such as old buildings and ditches," he says.

Every eight years, Kimmel goes to Chicago for The Road Show, a gigantic heavy equipment display put on by manufacturers, and, "When I get there, I'm just like a kid at a circus." □

India to Make Ford Tractors

BY DAVID C. SMITH
Detroit Free Press

Those famines in India that used to capture headlines may be a thing of the past.

Last year India harvested more wheat and corn than its 500 million-plus population consumed. Production of other major farm products also is rising.

Partly responsible for the "green revolution" taking place in India is that nation's plunge into farm mechanization.

Ford Motor Co. long has exported a small number of tractors and equipment into India. Starting early next year Ford tractors will be manufactured for the first time in India as a result of a joint venture Ford has undertaken with Escorts Ltd. of New Delhi.

The joint company, called Escorts Tractor Ltd., currently is building an \$11 million assembly plant near New Delhi to produce 6,000 Ford Model 3000 tractors annually, the maximum number permitted by the Indian government. Production will start in January.

Richard D. Morton, general operations manager for Ford Tractor's overseas operations, is convinced that the Indian tractor and agricultural equipment market has barely been tapped.

"One day, India will be the third largest market worldwide for tractors," Morton predicted in an interview. France currently holds that position with the United States and the United Kingdom in the first and second place positions.

Ford's 50-50 venture with Escorts is aimed at cashing in on this growth, particularly involving more powerful tractors than those now generally in use in India.

The Ford 3000 has a 46 horsepower engine compared with 35 horsepower for most tractor lines now produced in India. That may sound like small potatoes when compared with the giant horsepower ratings of U.S. cars, but on the farm 46 horsepower is considered a relatively powerful tractor.

As a manufacturer, Ford is a late

comer to the Indian tractor market. Massey Ferguson has been building tractors there since 1962 and other U.S. manufacturers, including International Harvester, are already well entrenched.

India had no tractor production capabilities of its own until Ferguson's entry. Escorts, the Indian concern with which Ford has combined forces to produce the 3000, was formed in 1964 and now makes a line of less powerful tractors of its own.

Rajan Nanda, managing director of the Ford-Escorts venture, was in Detroit this week to confer with Morton and other Ford officials.

Nanda cited India Ministry of Agriculture forecasts indicating a potential annual tractor market of 130,000 in India. "We are only running at one-half that right now," he said.

The Indian government, he pointed out, has taken numerous steps lately "to make farming profitable," thus enabling farmers to buy tractors. There is also liberal financing under 14 recently nationalized major banks, so that more farmers will be able to afford the \$4,000 required to purchase a Model 3000, he said.

The world bank also has plans moving ahead to help finance 10,000 India-made tractors, and new areas of the country are being opened up to farming for the first time thanks to new irrigation projects, Nanda pointed out.

Ford's entry was delayed a bit by changes in India's "local content" policies, which call for participation by local suppliers. In the first year, half of the total value of the tractor must be supplied locally. This rises to 75 percent the second year and 90 percent in the third year.

"One problem we have had is getting the suppliers we need," Morton said. Ford will import engines and drive lines from its United Kingdom facilities during the first year, but Escorts eventually will take over much of this production as well.

Doing business in India can prove troublesome at times, Nanda noted. Because of the tractor shortage, there is "a great deal of immigration be-

tween the north—which contributes about 80 percent of agricultural production—and the south and west,” he said.

What he means is there is a sizeable black market in tractors with premiums of 30 to 40 percent to the lucky buyers in the south and west who can peddle their tractors in the north.

Indian farmers also have short tempers if their tractors aren't delivered on time. “They have no appreciation of manufacturing problems,” Nanda said. “Some of our dealers have been assaulted by farmers because they were unable to make delivery on time.” □

BOOK REVIEWS



THE RISE OF MODERN CHINA. By Immanuel C. Y. Hsu. Oxford University Press, New York. September 1970. \$14.50.

Confusion of language and names, plus western lack of interest in Chinese history, have made the Chinese appear inscrutable. This huge country, however, may well be of great importance in the future of mankind. Professor Hsu's history of China since the first contacts with the West, over 400 years ago, and her reactions and adjustments to what that country has considered a western challenge to her superiority, provides a good background for those who want to learn more about the Chinese.

REFUGE AND STRENGTH. By Go Puan Seng. Prentice Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. September. 1970. \$5.95.

The author, a newspaper publisher in Manila before World War II, and an ardent member of the Chinese United Evangelical Church, tells the story of his experiences working against the Japanese from the time of their attack on China in the 1930s. He describes his organization of boycotts and his founding of the Anti-Japanese Aggression League. He was on the wanted list when the Japanese invaded and occupied the Philippines, and hid out in the hills with his family.

ASIA HANDBOOK. Edited by Guy Wint. Penguin Reference Books. September 1970. Paperback, \$2.95.

This book contains a great variety of fundamental facts interpreted by experts, in the form of country-by-country surveys dealing with Asia east

of the Arab lands; essays on the political, social, economic, cultural and religious aspects of each country plus a consideration of each country's relation to the rest of the world. Among the subjects covered are education and the press, the role of the military, Communist influence and the treatment of minorities. There are also attempts to define “the Chinese personality,” “the Indian personality” and “the Japanese personality.” Events are covered through late 1968.

TYPHOON OF STEEL: The Battle for Okinawa. By James and William Belote. Harper & Row, New York. September 1970. \$7.95.

An account of the last great battle of World War II in the Pacific, which claimed 39,000 U.S. casualties. The story is told from the Japanese view as well as the American.

THE SUPREME COMMANDER: The War Years of General Dwight D. Eisenhower. By Stephen E. Ambrose. Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, N.Y. September 1970. \$10.00.

An entertaining and informed study of General Eisenhower's generalship during World War II, showing what he did to deserve his exalted reputation. The author follows the North African landings, the Sicilian and Italian campaigns and Ike's brilliantly successful achievement as Supreme Commander of the Normandy invasion and the climactic defeat of the Wehrmacht in Europe. Eisenhower's skill in dealing with an array of difficult field generals and getting such personalities as Patton and Montgomery to work together is particularly well described.

Be Sure to Notify Roundup

When You Change Your Address.

The Return of the Native

By P. C. CHATTERJI
From The Statesman

I saw Calcutta for the first time in 1949. I was on my way to Shillong to take up my first posting as a station director. From Howrah Station I had to cart our luggage to Sealdah and what better introduction to the noise and bustle of the city? In the evening we took a stroll round the Maidan and the centre of town. The wide expanse in the heart of the metropolis, the beautiful old trees, the monuments fascinated me. Here one seemed to live in the presence of recent history. Something in the atmosphere of that grey evening got under my skin and ever since Calcutta has drawn me like a magnet.

But it was not till 1956 that I got posted at the Calcutta Station. I both longed for this posting and dreaded it. Calcutta was reputed to be the most difficult station in the AIR network and I had one big handicap. I was born and educated in the Punjab and the only thing non-Punjabi about me was my name. I could understand a little Bengali and could speak none. The Bengalis, proud of their language, would never forgive me for this, and it worried me. The problem beset me while I was still on my way from Srinagar to Calcutta. At Pathankot the only other occupant of the railway compartment was a Mr. Mukherji. He talked to me almost incessantly throughout the night till we parted company in Delhi. Periodically I emitted the monosyllable 'yes'. I was surprised that I had come through. But later, with more experience, I realized that this was the wisest thing I could have done. How wonderful for one Bengali to meet another who is prepared merely to listen!

I must say, however that I found people in Bengal much less parochial than I had been let to believe. If a Bengali talks to fellow Bengalis in English they think he is being snobbish and trying to pose as a 'sahib'. There are some lovely jokes about 'sahibs' and especially about those who have not been abroad. On the whole I had little difficulty. Convinced that

I was not posing, they were prepared to take me in as one of them. Only once did I come across a person who was really nasty. It was on the telephone and since he had in any case rung up to make a complaint, he thought I was just being bureaucratic. Eventually I took on the attack and declared that I couldn't speak Bengali because I was a Punjabi. How can that be with a name like Chatterji?, he asked 'You obviously know nothing about Chatterjis', I retorted. This made him furious since, as he shouted at me, 'I am a Chatterji myself'. Well then you must know that the Chatterjis came from Kashi and you obviously don't know that one branch went to the Punjab!' That floored him. He was full of apologies, forgot about his complaint and even offered to come and see me to express his regret in person.

Calcutta made me think of pre-Independence India. It was—and probably still is in parts—very British. What I disliked was the aping of British manners and customs by otherwise sensible people in the mercantile set. Affectation seemed to be epitomized in an erstwhile college friend who, being a vegetarian, confined his diet to boiled vegetables in the English style and insisted on speaking to his servant in his broad Punjabi English! I was interested in other worlds in Calcutta, the literary, the artistic and the musical, the world of the common man, who despite strap hanging by bus to office every day, has the zest to enjoy some of the good things of life and retains his vitality despite the depressing conditions around him.

My first visit to one of the big music conferences was enlightening from several points of view. I thought I had paid a lot of money for our seats, fifteen rupees each. The seats of course were thoroughly uncomfortable. The people sitting nearabouts were obviously not wealthy, couples and small children who probably could not be left alone at home. I was impressed with the fact that these relatively poor people considered it worth their while to spend so much money on an evening's music. The Mahajati Sadan was

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

full to capacity and at least as large was the crowd that squatted on the street outside. At 4:30 in the morning, when we were too exhausted even to wait for Ravi Shankar or Vilayat Khan and came out in search of a cab, we found the drivers more interested in music than in collecting fares. Fortunately for us there was a hearty Sikh taxi driver who had a different scale of values.

Calcutta certainly afforded us ample opportunity for enjoying the best of classical music. There are of course many factors in the music conference situation which I find highly irritating. There is the constant coming and going, and God forbid that you should find yourself seated in the vicinity of a "vidhvan" or an Indian music critic. These people have heard every artist worth hearing and they do not need to listen any more. For them, the performing artiste is a point of departure for a non-stop commentary on their own preferences and opinions. No doubt it was as a reaction to them that I finally came to hold that in aesthetics what is important is an external objective fact, namely the art object. To get to this object, we must cut through a jungle. This jungle is constituted by subjective perceptions and emotional reactions, one's own included.

Music conferences demonstrate the Indian obsession with duration. Nothing, it seems to be argued, can be worthwhile, unless it goes on for a very long time, if not endlessly! If you hear of an endurance record being broken, such for instance as remaining in water, or on a bicycle for an uncomfortably long time, you can be sure that the hero is an Indian. Recently there have been records in non-stop dancing. Aesthetic values such as organic unity and compactness seem to have little or no place in the evaluation of Indian music. What appears to be important is the ability to do something technically difficult and then to repeat it endlessly, perhaps with increasing rapidity. There were several knowledgeable and interesting members of my staff with whom I could discuss these ideas which I received from them which gave me some insight into Indian music. Quite the profoundest of these was the remark (which I then treated as a first class joke), "So

and so is a good singer but he has a bad voice"!

The occasions I remember with special pleasure are the evenings I spent at Sudhin Dutta's house. I had met him a couple of times in 1957 before he went away to Columbia University to spend a year as Poet in Residence. Luckily I was still in Calcutta when he returned and we saw a lot of him and his wife Rajeshwari, the noted Rabindra Sangeet singer, before Sudhin's death in 1960. He was a man of many parts, poet, literary critic, scholar and, above all else, a cultivated man of the world. The evenings in his house were the nearest that I can think of to the settings of the Platonic dialogues. There would be a collection of interesting persons—poets, scholars, educationists and scientists. There would be plenty to drink and food for the cultivated palate. There would be fun and jokes and that rare commodity, good conversation. Someone would ask a question and soon every one would be drawn into it. No opinion was taboo and all that the unwritten rules of the game required was that one should argue one's point rationally. Sudhin himself was not a big talker. He often set the ball rolling and, like the perfect host drew out anyone who was silent, put the discussion back on the rails if it went off on a tangent and helped to draw the threads together. Very unobtrusively it was he who presided over these evenings of intellectual delight.

The last time I met Sudhin was on the morning before he died. I went to him to discuss an article he had written on Tagore intended for the centenary commemoration volume. He was using me as his sounding board, did this article make sense to the non-Bengali? Like many of his critical works I found this article very difficult. And to add to the readers' problems was the title "Tagore as a Romantic Poet", which was thoroughly misleading. Sudhin explained that this was the subject given to him by the editors. He was not interested in it but he had something to say about Tagore and he had said it. I suggested an alternative title, "Tagore: Poet of Two Worlds", which he liked and then I left. At five next morning I was in-

formed on the telephone that Sudhin was no more.

One thing you can be sure of in Calcutta is quick and definite response by the public to every change in the situation. This came home to me on a Saturday afternoon in 1966. There had been curfew and much trouble in the city and, as was common several of us had spent an uncomfortable night in the office. The morning was quiet. As I went home for lunch I found thousands flocking to the racecourse. There were no trams and few buses. But the Calcutta public was determined to get there in taxis, in horse-drawn carriages, on anything moving on two wheels or four. Having arrived home I rang all the cinema houses—not a

seat to be had at any of them. I thought this a lively story for an AIR news bulletin to give listeners a feel of the changing moods of Calcutta. My news department however, rejected it on the ground that it was flip-pant!

For the professional broadcaster, the responsiveness of the Calcutta public is both a challenge and a reward. Any move in programmes or the handling of news which breaks new ground is bound to evoke an immediate response. The first reaction, motivated by suspicion and lack of understanding may indeed be hostile. But if courage is matched by consistency, the radio man can be sure that the innovations which go into the ether will not be lost on deaf ears. □

BOOK ORDERS DELAYED BY UNEXPECTED DEMAND

We regret that we have been unable to promptly fill all orders for Col. Edwin Lee White's book, "TEN THOUSAND TONS BY CHRISTMAS," which was advertised in October and November issues at \$4.00 postpaid (\$3.75 plus 25c for packaging and mailing).

The publishers inform us that another shipment will be sent to us the second week in December . . . we will try to fill all orders at that time.

We would also like to announce that we have secured a very limited quantity (one dozen only) of Lt. Col. William Boyd Sinclair's "JUMP TO THE LAND OF GOD." While they last, these are also available at \$4.00 postpaid.

**Ex-CBI Roundup, P.O. Box 125,
Laurens, Iowa 50554**



TROOP TRAIN of 327th Harbor Craft Company en route from Casablanca to Oran in March 1944, on way to Bombay, India. Photo by Howard B. Gorman.

Frederic W. Boye

● Brig. Gen. Frederic W. Boye, 78, who had a 39-year Army career, died October 6 at Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D.C. He had served for almost two decades as alumni president of the 1915 West Point class, which included Generals Dwight D. Eisenhower and Omar Bradley. General Boye spent the majority of his World War II service in the United States, serving overseas in the China-Burma-India theater during 1944 and 1945. Survivors include his wife; a daughter; a son, Maj. Gen. Frederic W. Boye Jr. of Ft. Myer, Va.; and several grandchildren including a 1969 graduate of West Point.

From a Washington Post clipping submitted by Charles W. Rose, Knoxville, Md.)

20-Year Subscriber

● Enclosed renewal check will round out 20 years of subscription to Ex-CBI Roundup. Every single issue has been thoroughly enjoyed. I remember Rt. Rev. Msgr. Louis J. Meyer, whose letter appeared in October Roundup. Our 25th Medical Depot Company was at Ledo and supplied the 20th General Hospital. Then Major Frank Neuburger was their MSO. Attended church at Father Meyer's chapel at the hospital most of the time.

Also, he officiated at the wedding of one of our officers. Our Lt. Ray Cherry and Marie "Kelly" Rusinski, Lt. ANC, 20th General Hospital, were married at Ledo. After more than 25 years, am not certain of spelling of her maiden name. They reside in Springfield, Mo., and I visited them a number of years ago while on an active duty tour at Fort Leonard Wood.

CHESTER E. RICKETTS
Lt. Col. USAR (Ret.),
Fort Wayne, Ind.



SOLDIERS of Chinese army pull heavy roller on road near Kweilin. Photo by Col. W. J. Peterkin.

Wallace C. Desher

● Wallace C. Desher, 56, a real estate salesman and lifelong Nassau County resident, died October 2 at his Garden City, L.I., home after a heart attack. For many years before going into the real estate business, Desher had been in the printing trade and had worked at Doubleday & Co. in Garden City and the New York Mirror, Daily News, and Journal. He served in the China-Burma-India theater during World War II.

(From a Newsday clipping submitted by Walter Pytlowany, Hicksville, L.I., N.Y.)

Old Roundups

● Have some old issues of Ex-CBI Roundup. What can I do with them? Would somebody want them? (Was with 112th Station Hospital).

JOSEPH V. KELLNER,
Chicago, Ill.

Suggest you give these back issues to the library of a Veterans Administration hospital. There may be hospitalized CBI veterans who would thoroughly enjoy them.—Ed.



Commander's Message

by
Howard Clager
National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

For me, and for our China-Burma-India Veterans Association, it was a singular honor to be invited to be present at the first reunion of the 1880th Engr. Aviation Battalion recently. Held in Columbus, Ohio, this was the 25th Anniversary of the group and I was invited to be present to acquaint them with our organization. These men, their wives, and in some cases families, came from all over the United States; their CO, Col. Joyce of Calif., the reunion coordinator, Wm. R. Hufsey of Brook Park, Ohio, and Col. A. E. Perkins, (USAF-Ret.), the sparkplug from Maryland. Their two day program was very enjoyable and well attended.

The biggie in Dallas-1971 is reported well on the way to being finalized. No doubt details remain, but the committee has been so diligent and successful that at this very early date it is easy to see how well they have functioned. Look for a most-special reunion program out of big 'D', one that will knock your CBI cap cock-eyed—it is on the way. Make the decision now to be on hand August 4, 5, 6, and 7.

Very often the first one hundred days of the presidency of the U. S. is widely and carefully scrutinized for a large variety of reasons and possible conclusions. The first one hundred days of my being CBIVA Commander have been very pleasant and very busy, with the good far outweighing the not so good. I don't know that any conclusions can yet be drawn, but in these days when we have the unrelenting attempt to have drummed into us how bad the US and world is, I have not, so far, found these bad people. Only gracious and friendly folks, the real Americans whom news reporters never find time to comment upon. Perhaps the news media needs to tone itself down and straighten out its perspectives. They need, for instance, to see

the thousands of ex-G.I.-Joes for whom freedom has a meaning because they gave of themselves to gain and maintain it. As they look upon it, freedom is a man at the lathe, or at the desk, doing the job he likes to do, and speaking up for himself. It is a man in the pulpit, or on the corner, speaking his mind. It is a man puttering in his garden in the evening, and swapping talk with his neighbors over the fence. It is the unafraid faces of men and women and children at the beach on Sunday, or looking out of the car windows speeding along a four lane highway. It is a man saying "Howdy stranger", without looking cautiously over his shoulder. It is the people of the country making up their own minds. It is a soprano singing "The Star Spangled Banner" off key and meaning every word of it. Freedom is the air you breathe and the sweat you sweat. It is you and millions like you with your chins up daring anybody to take it away from you. Let us one and all be ever-vigilant.

The newest bashas in our Association are progressing. Word is received from Lou Poudre of events they are planning in the near future in Saigon. Roundup readers possibly in the area and interested may contact him at Cords/Public Safety, APO San Francisco, 96243. The normal presentation of its charter and installation of its officers is accomplished in the East Texas Basha; Charles R. DeLancy is Commander. To join in that area contact him at 1309 Lake Drive, Longview, Texas, 75601. Arthur Angstenberger, 14530 E. Amar Rd., Apt. G., La Puente, Calif., 91744, has plans made for an event in the Los Angeles area.

May I take this opportunity to send Greetings and to wish all of you All the Joys and Blessings of the Holiday Season.

Keep the basha fires burning!

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EX-CBI ROUNDUP



THREE MEN from 12th Air Service Group are joined by a flock of young Chinese on top of ancient wall around city of Lubang, China. Photo by R. M. "Doc" Kriewitz.

Whitbeck Retires

● Dr. Carl G. Whitbeck, chief of surgery at Columbia Memorial Hospital, Hudson, N.Y., retired August 28 after practicing medicine in Columbia County for 25 years. He is now examining physician for the Workmen's Compensation Board. A 1937 graduate of Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, he entered the Army in 1941. He was stationed at Fort Dix, N.J., and Fort White, Ore., before being assigned as commanding officer of the 45th Portable Surgical Hospital in China and Burma. He was discharged with the rank of major and retired in 1966 as a colonel in the New York National Guard.

(From an item in the Hudson, N.Y., Register-Star sent in by Metro Wyda, Hudson, N.Y.)

Benjamin Y. Bowers

● My husband, Benjamin Y. Bowers, who was with the 301st Air Service Group in Assam, India, passed away December 30, 1969. I was also in the CBI, stationed with the 72nd Field Hospital in Assam. There is where we met, and why we both found the magazine so interesting. Almost

every issue I find some name or article familiar to me.

EDNA A. BOWERS,
Matamoras, Pa.

330th Engineers

● Served with the 330th Engineers on the Road. Enjoy the magazine very much.

A. M. LANCASTER,
Houston, Texas

Served at Chanyi

● It's a pleasure to renew my subscription to "our" magazine. Pardon the possessive tone but it's self-explanatory of how we all must feel about "our" memorable experiences and pictures as related in the Roundup. Now with Lockheed Aircraft Corp., I was formerly with 1342 AAFBU, ATC, at Chanyi, China.

WILLARD R. SECCOMBE,
Burbank, Calif.

380th Service Group

● Served with 380th Service Group, 604th Air Materiel Squadron. Arrived in Bombay, India, in 1944 on the USS General Randall. Would appreciate hearing from anyone who served with me.

THOMAS F. TOWEY,
737 - 50th Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y. 11220

2nd Air Commandos

● Was in CBI with the 2nd Air Commandos, and now after 25 years would like to relive or read about some of the things we did in those days.

ANDREW R. CHRISTENSON,
Milford, Mich.



TYPICAL Indian dwelling in country district near Khulna, India. Photo by Howard B. Gorman.

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